

The Dream by alltoowheeler

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Summary:

mike misses el, post-s1 angst

The Dream

Mike crawled through a sticky membrane into a forest full of rotted, twisted trees. Strange, quiet noises and floating white particles filled the air. He could guess from Will and Nancy's descriptions where he was; how the air was cold and thick and rotten-smelling, how the trees looked almost familiar in a horrible way.

"Upside Down," he breathed.

Eleven. If she was anywhere, if she was alive at all, she was here.

Mike stood up and took a cautious step onto the springy ground, his shoes sticking to it. "Eleven?" he said softly. He walked carefully, slowly spinning around to look in all directions. "El?"

Far off he heard a familiar wheezing, almost like a neigh, sending a shiver through his body. "El, where are you? It's the Demogorgon!" he said a little louder. The monster called again. It sounded closer. "Eleven!" He heard soft footsteps behind him and spun around.

Pink dress, short hair. Bloody sleeves and bare feet.

Eleven.

"El!" he tried to run towards her, but his shoes were stuck to the ground. He tried to pull them off and fell over. "El!" Eleven's eyes were fixed on something behind him. He turned around. Suddenly the Demogorgon was standing over him, its long arms and faceless head curled above his.

"Eleven, listen, you have to run, you have to run, do you understand—" He was crying. "Do you understand, El—" The monster's head had opened into a terrible flower shape, its wheezing cry loud in his ears. Mike looked back at Eleven. Her face was white, blood pouring from her nose and ears, her eyes blank and milky. He had never seen her like this. "No, El, you have to run—"

All of a sudden the Demogorgon burst into thousands of papery black fragments, just like that night in the science classroom. Mike gasped.

His feet had sunk into the ground; he was up to his knees. “El—” he turned back towards her. Her body was flaking away into the same black pieces, floating through the air. “Goodbye, Mike,” she said in a horrible, distorted version of her voice as her bloody face crumbled and its pieces floated away through the trees.

“Eleven!” he screamed. He kept sinking into the soft, rotten ground. “Eleven!” The tree roots wrapped around his struggling arms and pulled him down faster. His head was almost covered. “Eleven—”

Mike snapped awake. His shirt was sweaty, his eyes full of tears.

“Shit,” he said, almost a sob. He sat up and smashed his blanket into his face, crying in earnest. “Shit!”

A knock on the door. His mom opened it halfway. “Michael? Is everything okay?”

He looked up. “Yeah.”

“Are you sure?”

“Mom, I’m fine!” he said angrily, more tears escaping.

“Okay...” She shut the door.

Mike threw down the blankets and went to look out the darkened window. He stared out at Maple Street, the streetlight making the road glow a faded yellow.

“El...” He sniffed and started again. “El... I’m sorry.” A car drove slowly by. “I miss you. I promise. If you’re out there... just please, give me a sign.”

The streetlight flickered.